

The Fall of the Falls

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Summary: Bill is back. WARNING: GORE, FOUL LANGUAGE AND FEELS Cover art done by Elentori on Deviantart.

/art/Here-at-the-End-of-All-Things-568831057)

1. Chapter 1

Before I dive into this whole story telling thing, I just want say that, in my defense, I was left unsupervised.

I'm Alexander Carson and I was very lost. Now, don't get me wrong, I knew I was in the forests of Oregon, but I couldn't find my way back to the road.

Why was I in the forest of Oregon?

Well, school of course. I'm a film student at Los Angeles Film School, and for a final grade, we have to create a short film of our choosing.

Now I've always had an interest in the weird and abnormal, so I did some research and found out the woods in Oregon have had the most bizarre reports. Then I packed up my gear in a bag for the weekend, and drove here to Oregon.

So here I was, a 25 year old man, wandering in circles.

I groaned and pulled out my iPhone. No bars. " Smartphone my assâ€|" I grumbled and whacked the screen with the palm of my hand.

Ding. Four bars. Nice.

"Okay, Siri. Where's the road?" I asked, nearly hopping with joy.

Google Maps popped up. showing me as a little blue arrow and

highlighted a path for me. "This is what I found."

I fist pumped and crooned, "Siri, you're awesome!"

"I know, Xander."

Damn. Alright.

I started walking, following the path shown to me for a good hour before hearing, "You've reached your destination."

Grinning with accomplishment I looked up to see that I was in a clearing. The grin disappeared. "Siri, what the hell?"

"You've reached your destination."

"This isn't the road!"

"You've reached your destination."

Muttering a string of curse words, I shoved that stupid chunk of metal back into my pocket. My eyes looked around, seeing it was a small clearing that was shaped in perfect circle.

Green grass covered the ground and the sun shined through the branches, leaving dots of light littering the ground.

Was it pretty? Oh yeah.

Did I care? No. I want a shower and A.C.

With a sigh, I shifted my backpack and began walking across the clearing. I sat down at the edge of the circle so I was in the shade and pulled out my water bottle, drinking.

I continued to look around, appreciating the beauty of the woods even though I'd punch it in the face if I could. As I analyzed the clearing, I spotted a weird rock.

"What theâ€¦?" I got up and went over to it, looking it over.

It was covered in moss and plants, but it almost looked like a triangle with arms and legs. Normally, I'd assume it was just a weird looking rock, but the grass at the base was crushed. So it was put there.

By who? Even the locals stay out of the woods.

I mumbled. "Well, I came out here to shoot footage of the bizarre and this certainly isâ€¦" I shrugged. "It's as good of a place as any to start."

I put my bag down and grabbed my camera, turning it on. My finger was about to hit record when I mused that getting a shot of the whole clearing should be my opening shot before going to the rock.

So I decided to climb a tree right next to the triangle to pan across the clearing. My camera went around my neck and I jumped up, grabbing the lowest branch and pulled myself onto it before continuing up. I stopped about twenty feet up, straddling a branch. I looked through

my camera, hitting record and began to move the camera, leaning forward.

Snap.

Shit.

And thus began my sudden descent.

I managed to hit every branch on the way down, getting scratches, bruises and splinters. Before I hit the ground, my head smashed into one of the arms on the rock, sending a blinding pain through me.

My body lay on the ground, eyes closed as I waited for the pain to fade. It didn't

Giving in, I opened my eyes to see the colour gone from the world. Everything was black and white, like an old Charlie Chaplin movie.

My head swam as I pulled myself up, leaning against a tree trunk. I had no clue what was going on, but I knew I needed to get out of here.

That's when the rock exploded.

Now.

I know some of you know where this is going, and are thinking '_oh no this is bad'_. Well, props. 'Cause you're right.

But if you'll give me a minute, I think I can make this worse.

A loud sigh came from the remains of said rock. "Man oh man is it good to be BACK!" A yellow triangle said as it climbed out and floated around.

It stretched, loosening up I guess. The triangle reached out and cracked its knuckles. The ground shook and cracked, as if an earthquake was rippling through. However, as soon as the triangle stopped, the halves snapped back together, throwing me across the clearing.

I groaned, and started to crawl away on all fours, agreeing with my gut feeling of going away.

"Hello, Wheels!" The triangle appeared in front of me, one eye staring at me. "Where are you off to?"

I scrambled back, startled. The triangle was about my size and had no mouth nor nose. "I must've hit my head hard to hallucinate youâ€|" I mumbled, in complete shock.

"Oh, you hit your head hard alright!" He laughed and snapped his finger. A bubble of colour floated in front of me, showing me lying unconscious, clothes and skin scratched up and bruises dotting my body. It was my head that was the problem; I was lying at the feet of the triangle, a nasty gash on the left side of my head, starting at the top of my head and ending at my temple. There was a pool of blood underneath my head and my face was covered in the

liquid.

Unconsciously, my hand went up to the same place on me, feeling nothing.

The laughter grew louder and I looked up, seeing the triangle lounging with a martini. "You'll definitely bleed out! Shame! Oh! Where are my manners? Bill Cipher!" He extended his hand to me.

I took a step back. "Alexander Karsen!"

"So, Wheels," Bill continued, ignoring my introduction. "What're you going to do? You know, about the whole on death's door thing? 'Cause I know a guy who can fix this."

"Who?"

"Me! I just need a form of payment."

I patted my pockets, knowing everything was in my backpack. I looked around, not seeing it anywhere.

As if reading my mind, Bill laughed. "Oh, I have an idea." He extended his arm, a black cane appearing in his hand.

My eyes squinted, not trusting the magical floating triangle with a bow tie and a hat. Crazy, right?

"What do you want?"

Bill looked at his hand, like he was inspecting his nails. "Oh, just your body. I have some errands to run and I need a physical form to do them."

He held his hand out to me, the whole thing suddenly engulfed in blue flame. "What do you say, Wheels? Your life for a rental?"

I looked at his hand before grabbing it. "You have one hour."

Bill's eye turned red and his voice became demonic. "Wonderful!"

Then I was yanked out of my body and colour returned to the world.

"AHHH!" I yelled as I saw my own body lying on the ground. The wound closed up, but I was still doused in blood.

My eyes opened.

They were a bright yellow with black slits for pupils. I sat up and wiggled my fingers, grinning.

"Wow! I think this body is my favourite so far!" I heard my voice say. But it had a different tone about it.

I, er, Bill, stood up, legs shaking like a baby deer. He looked at the stone statue, reeled back a fist and punched it, giggling.

"Hey!" I called. "Watch it!"

Bill looked at the hand, and wiggled the fingers again, wincing this time. "Ooooooh, that's nice." He crooned, ignoring me. He dipped a digit into the puddle of blood, drawing symbols on his statue.

"What are you doing, you freak?" I cried and tried to tackle him, but ended up just going straight through him.

Bill turned and looked at me. "We're going on a trip, Wheels," Then, he shook the statue's hand, a portal appearing under it.

It and Bill toppled into it disappearing. I ground my teeth before diving in after, the light vanishing.

I fell through darkness, hearing laughter and cackling all around me that would've made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. But my body was out on rent.

Then suddenly, it was bright and I was tumbling in the air until I finally stopped. Bill was on the ground admiring his skinned elbows and knees.

I growled. "You're almost out of time, Bill. Hurry up or get out."

He looked up, a twisted grin on his face. "Whatever you say, Wheels!" Bill pulled my pocket knife out of my pants and flipped it open. He yanked off the shirt, and began carving something into my back.

I screamed in horror, trying to stop his actions but to no avail. Every time I went to touch him, my hand passed right through. He finished in a few minutes, a symbol as the following now etched into my skin:

(Author's note: The picture that is suppose to be displayed here is a picture of a Cipher Wheel. won't let me add the picture itself or a link. I apologize)

****_XOLOTL NRUTER YAM I TAHT REWOP TNEICNA EHT EKOVNE I NRUB OT EMOC SAH EMIT YM_****

Bill's eyes met mine, the green grass becoming soaked in red. "I needed you to take this message, now I know you won't forget it!"

I wanted to murder him, but I couldn't touch him. So I went over and entered the statue, back in the same predicament as before.

I sat inside the statue, wanting nothing more than a physical form so I could pummel the triangle. As that thought passed through my head, I felt the statue moving. Almost like it was coming to life.

"Oh-ho-ho!" The sorry piece of geometry cried. "I can't believe you brought my physical form back to this plane of existence ! And you're controlling it! What a day!"

My one eye glared at him. "Your time is up." I reached forward, grabbing Bill's soul (spirit?) and somehow yanked him out of my body.

As soon as he was out, I flew back into my body, being slapped across the face with agony. I collapsed with a whimper, warm blood continuously flooding from my back.

Then, Bill's body came to life again.

"Remember Wheels! You were made for this!" Bill said in a sing-song voice before disappearing.

I lay there for a few moments before grabbing a branch to help myself up. I used my upper arm strength to get on my feet, leaning heavily on the wood.

Snap.

Thud.

Repeat steps one through two with a new stick.

I stumbled into a random direction, stopping to hug a tree so I didn't collapse again. Eventually, I emerged in the front yard of a wooden house.

I saw a girl my age (so around twenty), prancing around the yard in a bright sweater with what looked like a pig?

My feet dragged me forward and I reached out towards her. "Help!" I rasped.

She turned and gasped, eyes wide with fear. The last thing I remember was the world turning sideways and seeing her feet sprint towards me.

"DIPPER!" She screamed, before I embraced unconsciousness.

2. Chapter 2: Dipper

Dipper was sitting inside, holding a journal in his hand while chewing on the cap of a pen. It was Mabel and his summer going into their Sophomore year of college and they came back to Gravity Falls like they did every summer (and some winter breaks). Things were different in the small logging town after the events of the summer of 2009. Or as the natives called it: _Weirdmageddon_. But never mind all that. The twin's twin great uncles, Stanley and Stanford Pines, had left the Mystery Shack under the control of Soos Ramirez, the new Mr. Mystery. Unfortunately, Soos' grandmother passed two years ago. When she passed, the Pines, Wendy and basically the whole town was there to support Soos and his wife of five years, Melody. The two great uncles were traveling the globe together, doing research on the abnormalities of this planet. They both wrote often, and returned to Gravity Falls twice a year; Christmas, and Dipper and Mabel's birthday. Now a days, Mabel was majoring in Fashion Merchandising and Dipper already had one Phd in Cryptozoology, thanks to some help from Ford. Since the original journals were destroyed, Dipper took it on himself to create new and improved ones, which he was working on right now. He was engulfed in his work until he heard the only thing to get his attention: his sister's scream. "DIPPER!" The pen dropped from his mouth and the journal hit the floor as he shot up, rushing

out the door, grabbing a random object on the way to use as a weapon. The sunlight blinded him for a moment, but he made out Mabel and sprinted over to her. He held the object in his hands like he was ready to club someone or something. "This guy came out of the woods!" She screeched, gesturing to a black haired guy who was shirtless and bleeding on the ground. "-And he's hurt and bleeding andâ€¦" Mabel stopped talking and looked away from the unconscious man to look at her brother. Grinning, she asked, "...Is that a taxidermy turkey?" Dipper looked at his weapon to see that it indeed was a stuffed turkey. Mabel snorted and started laughing, her hands on her knees as her shoulders shook. Her brother scoffed. "I heard you scream so I just..._grabbed_, something!" He said in self-defense. Mabel only laughed harder. She gasped for air and pretended to weld the bird. "Leave her alone!" She said, impersonating her twin. "Or I'll.. I'll _gobble_ you up!" She continued laughed, falling onto her knees. "Hey dudes, what's so funny?" Soos said as he rounded the corner of the Shack. Then his face paled. "Uhâ€¦ is he okay?" Soos asked, referring to the guy on the ground. Dipper shot a look at Mabel whose laughter was dying down before squatting to look at the man. His eyes immediately found the source of the bleeding. He yelled over to Soos, not able to tear his eyes away from the Cipher Wheel carved into flesh. "Soos! Help me get him inside!" Mabel gasped, noticing the carving. "I'm calling Ford." She announced, running for the Shack. Soos came over, becoming deadly serious as he too saw the sign. Dipper grabbed the man's arms and Soos grabbed his feet. They lugged him inside and put him face down on the kitchen table. Dipper grabbed the first aid kit and some old towels. He said at the table, setting up what he would need. "Soos, can you get me some water, please?" The hispanic man nodded and fetched the college student a bowl of water. Dipper dipped a washcloth into the bowl, before he dabbed at the wound, trying to clean it. Then, he took a towel and started to apply pressure to stop the bleeding. Dipper put all his weight down on the guy's back, thankful he was unconscious. The bleeding slowed, and then the boy dumped some alcohol from the kit onto the back, the alcohol fizzing as it burned away bacteria. That's when the black haired man's eyes shot open. "Whoa!" Dipper yelled and fell out of the chair, blushing. Startling blue eyes looked around frantically, agony clear on his face. He saw the man try to get up and he rushed over. "Hey! You shouldn't move!" Dipper said, holding him down. "I just got the bleeding to slow!" "W-where am I?..." He slurred, most likely from blood loss. "Gravity Falls. You're in the Mystery Shack. Who _are_ you?" Before he could answer, his eyes rolled back in his head and his body went limp, out cold. Dipper sighed and looked at the wheel, feeling sick. "Hey, Dipper, what's u-" Wendy stopped in the doorway. She was about twenty five now and was a lumberjack, like her father was. It hadn't been long before she was in charge of the whole logging company. After a second, she came over and rustled through the kit and pulled out a curved needle. "That's going to need stitches. I got this. Go find Mabel." Wendy told him and he nodded, relieved. Before he left, he noticed some words carved under the wheel: 'XOLOTOL NRUTER YAM I TAHT REWOP TNEICNA EHT EKOVI I NRUB OT EMOC SAH EMIT YM. He wrote it down on his hand before leaving Wendy to tend to the stranger. Dipper made his way through the shack, finding Mabel by the phone, listening and nodding. Her eyes brightened and held a finger up to Dipper before speaking. "Do you want to talk to him? He's right here," She nodded before handing him the phone. Dipper lifted the receiver to his ear. "Great Uncle Ford?" "Hello, Dipper," The deep voice of his relative and mentor helped him relax. "What's going on?" He blurted. "You and Grunkle Stan have to come back to Gravity Falls." The college student then procided to

describe what had happened. When he finished, it was silent for a moment before Stanford spoke. "What colour are his eyes?" "Blue. He woke up for a minute before passing out again." "Is there anything unusual about the Cipher Wheel?" Dipper read him what he'd wrote down on his hand, stumbling over parts of it. The boy was happy to be talking to his great uncle and couldn't help but to smile. However, things seemed to be reversed; he was the one working and Ford was having fun. Wait. Reverse. "Great Uncle Ford hold on!" Dipper interrupted, pulling his pen back out and re-writing the message on his arm. "It's written backwardsâ€¦.I've almost got itâ€¦" He looked at his arm to see the understandable message: MY TIME HAS COME TO BURN I INVOKE THE ANCIENT POWERS THAT I MAY RETURN XOLOTOL. He read it aloud to Ford, but the XOLOTOL still didn't make sense backwards. "This isn't good, Dipper," The scientist muttered. _Duh_, Dipper thought. "Bill is back and possible more powerful than before. Stanley and I will be there as soon as possible." Ignoring the situation, Dipper almost squealed with excitement. Both of his great uncles were coming back and staying a while. It was just like his first summer at the Mystery Shack. "I'm going to see if I can Bill-proof the Shack more," He announced. "Good man. We'll see you soon." _Click._ The brunette put down the phone and entered the living room, seeing that Wendy had somehow moved the stranger to the couch, his back all wrapped up. Dipper sat down in Grunkle Stan's arm chair, choosing to watch over his peer for when he woke up. _I won't let Bill win. I'm stronger and smarter than I was seven years ago and I will protect this town._ Dipper thought. _No matter what the cost._

End
file.